

# Quiz 2 On Hall-Mills Love Tryst

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WEATHER

Fair  
and  
Cool

Monday

NEW YORK

August 9, 1926

## EVENING GRAPHIC

Nothing  
but the  
Truth

### Being an Analysis of the Painful Experience of Mr. Simpson, Who Finds Himself Holding the Bag

FROM a newspaper standpoint, Mr. Simpson's whirlwind investigation of the Hall-Mills murder case has been a *howling success*.

For nearly two weeks no city editor in his right mind since the days of Ben Day could have asked for more.

At no time has the investigation lagged for newspaper copy.

Once or twice, when it appeared for a few moments as if the afternoon papers had squeezed the news-sponge dry, came the Mystery Woman in Orange to keep things on the up-and-up for the morning press. To be sure, the Death Threat from a Southern Gentleman against the life of Mr. Simpson was a bit of anti-climax, but this he flung into his waste basket with a nonchalance which would have done credit to Monsieur Lecoq.

The new week, following Mr. Simpson's appearance into the case, had hardly begun when it was announced that six arrests would be made before the summer sun had set beyond Lake Hopatcong. The already over-taxed city editors had just enough time to catch their breath when Mr. Simpson, in his next oration, gave out the information that *two murder warrants were to be served at once*.

One was for a vestryman who "could tell all." The next day the vestryman was still at large and the warrants were not served. Mr. Simpson announced that, inasmuch as the vestryman remained in New Jersey, everything was satisfactory. Whether this meant that you can commit murder in New Jersey if you remain within the confines of the state until you are called in, Mr. Simpson neglected to explain.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Simpson, addressing sixty-nine battle-scarred reporters, urged them to "play me down; I don't want to seem to be grabbing too much personal publicity."

In the meantime Governor Moore was sending Mr. Simpson encouraging messages from the Bible. By sun-up the Daily Mirror was accusing Mrs. Minna Clark of being on the scene of the crime. Mrs. Clark was missing and her house was all boarded up.

The next day Mrs. Clark appeared, talked to Mr. Simpson and went home serenely.

On Saturday Mr. Simpson, who, four days before, was going to "blow this mystery up in twenty-four hours," was appealing through the columns of the New York Times to the good sportsmanship of the writer of an anonymous letter mailed from the Grand Central Station. Mr. Simpson would meet him in the lobby of any New York hotel, probably wearing a yellow chrysanthemum in his button-hole for identification, if the mysterious writer would only tell him who killed Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills!

That very evening the New York Sun threw everybody off the track with the

announcement that the investigation was centering upon *an old hermit with pink whiskers who went around with a pig sticker* and who hadn't been seen in New Brunswick since September 14, 1922. Why he should have killed Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills was not pointed out. Love was at the bottom of it, undoubtedly, as Mr. Simpson probably will make clear today.

On Sunday the New York Times revealed that Mr. Simpson was poking around in Mrs. Hall's bank books to find out who got all the money. Mrs. Hall told him to go ahead and look through everything, but not to give it out to the papers. Mr. Simpson denied he was after the bank books but the New York Times, after its fashion, in a very gentlemanly way, called him a liar right on its front page.

And in the meantime all is not well in Somerset county. The Editor of the Somerset Democrat has taken his pen in hand and wants to know What the Game Is. He has said some very nasty things already about Mr. Simpson.

And well he might!

For nearly two weeks the character and the reputation of established residents within the scope of Mr. Simpson's brick throwing have had to suffer. The names of citizens who may not know anything about the Hall-Mills case have been dragged in the gutter. In some cases they have been crucified by libelous headlines and all but charged with the crime.

Mr. Simpson admits that the records of the previous investigation have either been lost or destroyed. *He doesn't know whether he is digging up anything new or plowing up old ground.* There is nothing left of the scientific evidence of the case. Mr. Simpson has raised Old Ned because Dr. Hall's collar buttons were returned to his widow, after four years, and today this Demon Investigator will inspect Dr. Hall's shirt.

How long this farce is to be kept up is problematical. At

any rate, there will be no more midnight arrests. The only nocturnal adventures since the arrest of Mrs. Hall, who was dragged out of bed like a common criminal and then promptly released, was the affair at Bound Brook, which Mr. Simpson doesn't care to explain. Three days ago the army of reporters was told to rush to Bound Brook, where excitement would break at midnight. When they arrived, they were informed a trunk, crammed full of evidence, had just been stolen from the home of the late Prosecutor Beekman. The reporters neglected to ask Mr. Simpson the next day whether there was a body in the trunk. Probably there was. Let's hope so.

How many more reputations are to be mud-spattered this week is up to Mr. Simpson. According to the gossip in the New Jersey beer saloons, whose old-fashioned swinging doors are flapping as fast as windmills, Governor Moore is going to run for President and Mr. Simpson will run for Governor, when this is all over and they have convicted the Widow Hall.

Our guess is that, one more week of this, and either of them will be lucky if he can be elected dog warden.



Alexander Simpson  
Special Prosecutor



Mrs. Frances S. Hall  
The Accused Widow

### Prudery Has Cursed the Race

Prudery is sham modesty.

It is the result of an artificial and often systematic cultivation of an exaggerated sense of modesty.

Prudery is easily produced or prevented in childhood.

It is sometimes created by isolation.

It is created by keeping parts of the body covered.

It is especially produced by teaching children to regard the body, or certain parts of it, as shameful.

Thus the prude is ashamed of the most natural things.

Often he or she undergoes great mental torture because of exposure of parts of his or her body or because of hearing certain subjects discussed.

Prudery usually degenerates into hypocrisy.

In women, particularly, it frequently stifles their womanly instincts and converts them into sexless beings.

The prude learns to associate his own erotic feelings, of which he is ashamed, with ideas of sex.

Or, he associates them with certain parts of the body.

He projects his own mental nastiness into the things around him.

The evil and vulgarity he associates with certain parts or functions of the body exist, not in these parts or functions, but in his mind.

The human body is not a vile and vulgar thing.

If it is a normal, well developed body, it is a thing of beauty and loveliness.

Sight of it arouses admiration or desire, depending on the mind of the viewer.

No function of the body is evil or unclean.

Sex is simply God's means of perpetuating the race.

He who regards sex as unclean accuses God of being the author of evil.

Only the abuse of the functions of the body is evil.

Only abuses need be regarded with shame.

The development of prudery may be prevented by accustoming the child to sight of the human body.

It is prevented by teaching the child to regard the body in all its parts and functions as something natural—something one need not be ashamed of.

The child should be taught to reverence the body.

Only in this way can he be prevented from debasing it.

Men and women do not debase those things which they reverence.

Prudery, by debasing the body, has been responsible for much evil, misery and suffering.

It has destroyed many lives and wrecked many homes.

It is responsible for much weakness, disease and premature death.

The scourge of prudery has been one of the most devastating scourges with which the human race has cursed itself.

It will require several generations before man fully recovers from the evils produced by prudery during the dark ages and since.

Every parent who has the welfare of his or her children at heart should see to it that his or her child do not develop into nasty-minded prudes.

*Pennar Macfadden*

### WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

All letters to the Editor must bear names and addresses or will not be published.

#### WANTS A CHANCE TO LIVE

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—  
Is there some farmer believer in the principle of physical culture who is humane enough to give a young man 24 years of age a chance to regain his health. I can work for board and keep. A year of out-

door living would make an old father and mother's dreams come true and would save three lives instead of one.

WILL J. LEONARD.  
1273 Bushwick Ave.

(Other Letters on Page 12.)